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MEMOIR OF THE LATE ARTHUR YOUNG, ESQ. F. R. S. SECRETARY TO THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ARTHUR YOUNG, the subject of the present memoir, was a man whose life and labours were intimately connected with the agriculture of Great Britain. He was born September 7th, 1741, and was a native of Suffolk. His father, Arthur Young, D. D. had been a prebendary of Canterbury, and rector of Bradfield, in that county. While in the commission of the peace, he became a very active magistrate, and appears to have been chaplain to the Right Hon. Arthur Onslow, at the time he presided in the chair of the House of Commons. Arthur, to whom the Speaker was godfather, after receiving a tolerably good education, had his fortune to seek for the chief part of his father's income was professional, and of course became extinct at his death, which occurred in 1761. The youth was accordingly intended for business, and apprenticed to a wine-merchant, at Lynn, in Norfolk; but, alas! although he was not averse, at any period of his life, from a glass of generous liquor, yet this occupation did not prove congenial to his feelings. He was now residing in a country, recently improved by the introduction of turnip husbandry, and he could not look around him without beholding the manifold advantages arising out of the new system. So much was he smitten with the love of agriculture, that, when only twenty years of age, he bid adieu to all mercantile concerns, and determined to commence farmer on a small paternal estate, which had become the jointure of his mother. This was called Bradfield Hall, situate in the county of Suffolk, and he appears, on this occasion, to have formed a kind of joint-stock company with the rest of the family, as the profits were laid by, and divided for the good of all. But the subject of this memoir was too young, and too unsteady, to reap those common advantages usually derived from patient labour and industry, by those of a far inferior capacity. He delighted in experiments; he speculated on the future crops; he overlooked immediate and obvious advantages; in fine, he forgot the past, neglected the present, and consoled himself with the future. Family disputes ensued, and all those ills that usually accompany unsuccessful efforts. At length his mother interposed, and this improvident young man (for so he appeared at this time to all) now found it necessary to remove from the paternal mansion. Yet, although nearly ruined in the pursuit, agriculture was still dear to him. The turnip husbandry, the row culture, irrigation, and all the new improvements, floated in his mind by day, and haunted his dreams by night. In short, he determined once more to become a farmer; and as he was now to pay rent for the first time, he determined to exercise all the kindest virtues of economy, industry and perseverance. He accordingly hired a farm in the county of Essex, known by the name of Sampford Hall. On this occasion, he had the promise of a sum of money, which was to be advanced him by way of loan. But, like most other promises, this proved unavailing, and he was obliged not only to forfeit his agreement, but also to lose a small deposit, which he had advanced on this occasion. Disappointed, yet still undaunted, Mr. Young determined on the romantic scheme of travelling over England in search of land, suitable to his views and circumstances. This project prov-

ed, as may be easily supposed, wholly unsuccessful; but great advantages were derived, both to himself and the public, from his rural excursions. He now learned to estimate the labours of others; to discover what had already been effected; and to guess at what was still wanting to complete the national system of agricultural prosperity. It was in the course of these journeys also, that he formed the original and interesting plan of making a survey of the whole of South Britain, so far at least as was connected with its husbandry, improvements, and capabilities. This project was afterwards accomplished in part. At length he heard, by accident, of a farm to be let, in the county of Hertford. There he settled during a period of many years; and, wonderful to relate, the man who was so capable of estimating soils, and pointing out the advantages to be derived from a genial and appropriate situation, on this occasion pitched upon a spot, which possessed but few of those advantages, and was not likely to reward the efforts of our sanguine experimenter.

The farm in question was situated near North Mimms; and here, instead of pursuing the ordinary rotation of crops, alterations and improvements were chiefly attended to. Nine long years proved highly detrimental to the fortune of our young agriculturist; but here he acquired that species of knowledge, that, at a future time, became highly interesting, and advantageous in no common degree to the public.

All his money being now expended, he returned, somewhat in disgust, to his hereditary residence at Bradfield Hall.

About this period his mother died. She appears to have been an excellent woman, and to have loved her son with no common degree of affection. All incumbrances being removed by her decease, he now came as heir-at-law into possession of his little patrimony; and it was from this moment in his power to be independent for life. Bidding adieu for a time to experiments at his own cost, Mr. Young commenced another, and undertook to teach others. He also resolved to travel, and thus afford a greater scope to his speculations. Accordingly, during the years 1776, 1777, 1778, and 1779, he made different tours in Ireland, and thus attracted the notice of the landed gentlemen of that country.

Among other great proprietors, the late Lord Kingsborough determined to avail himself of his reputation and abilities. He accordingly visited that nobleman, and remained upwards of a year in the county of Cork, for the express purpose of regulating and arranging the extensive estates appertaining to his lordship. As may be readily believed, they were in a state bordering on ruin; but, under the care and inspection of the subject of this memoir, the farms were divided, the lands were leased, the cottages were repaired, and every thing settled and established, as nearly as possible, according to the best English models. It was impossible to extirpate the *Middle-man*, that constant and perpetual bane both to civilization and improvement. We believe, indeed, that this has never been completely effected, but in the estates originally purchased by the famous Sir William Petty. And it must be here mentioned to the credit of his descendant, the first Marquis of Lansdown, that he undertook and completed that noble plan, so advantageous both to the landlord and the peasant, by which none but realoccupants were ever permitted to rent a single acre of his lands. To the credit of his two sons, they have both persevered in this advantageous measure; and it is to be hoped that the beneficial effects are at once so plain and efficacious, that all the great landed proprietors of Ireland will at length adopt a similar conduct.

In 1770, Mr. Young published his "Farmer's Calendar," which has now passed through many editions. But it was not till 1784, that he commenced the "Annals of Agriculture." This was published in monthly numbers, which were continued uninterruptedly for many years, until they at length formed a long series of volumes. A

vastly of original papers were expressly written by himself, and he was not a little assisted on this occasion by his friends. Among his correspondents were many noblemen, several practical farmers, and a royal personage the list of whom enriched his collection with no lower than seven different communications, under the feigned name of "Ralph Robinson of Windsor." His late Majesty, who was greatly attached to agriculture in all its different branches, on this occasion undertook to describe the new and successful system pursued by Mr. Packet, in his own immediate vicinity. It was some time before the editor discovered the high rank of his coadjutor; and, although the political principles of Mr. Young were supposed, at this period, not to be exactly in accordance with the views of the Monarch, yet we may have some reason to suppose that this intercourse did not prove altogether unuseful at a future period, when the assent of the King became necessary to the advancement of our author.

A grand agricultural excursion, on an immense scale, had for a long while occupied the imagination of the subject of the present memoir. This was no other than an accurate and actual survey of the territory of France, during which he should be able to make a comparative estimate of the soil, climate, and cultivation of that rich and fertile portion of Europe, when viewed in immediate competition with England. His last excursion was undertaken under the immediate auspices, and in consequence of the express invitation of Monsieur Lazowski and the Duke de la Rochefoucault. In company with these noblemen, he journeyed through the south of France, and actually reached the base of the Pyrenees.

At that period the Revolution, although fast approaching, was not as yet distinctly foreseen; such an event was indeed anticipated, and no one hailed it with louder *pæans* than Mr. Young himself. This moment proved eminently favourable to statistical enquiries; and he entered into them with all that zeal and ardour which an enthusiastical passion for matters of this kind constantly elicited in his ardent bosom. Our traveller returned in the course of 1778; but his stay was short. His last tour was made in 1789. On this occasion he resided for a considerable time in Paris, at the hotel of the Duke de la Rochefoucault, where he was treated with every possible attention. The Revolution, which had hitherto appeared as a probable but distant speculation, was by this time not only disclosed, but, in some measure, completed. The army had turned on its chiefs; a national assembly was formed; great and distinguished popular leaders agitated the whole kingdom by declamatory speeches: while a captive king subscribed, sometimes voluntarily, and sometimes with reluctance, to all the conditions imposed upon him.

On his return, Mr. Young published a quarto volume, containing a variety of novel and interesting intelligence concerning the husbandry, the soil, the customs and practice, and, in short, every thing relative to the agriculture of France. This work was perused with eagerness, and read with avidity; so that a second edition was soon demanded. By this time the political opinions of Mr. Young appeared to have undergone a change; and, instead of finding any thing favourable to the popular doctrines then so prevalent in France, we now perceive a contrary tendency prevailing throughout every page of the text. This sudden change of opinions called forth the animadversions of his enemies, but he bade them defiance; and while they pointed to his expectations, he put his hand on his breast, and appealed to his conscience.

About this period a Board, which had agriculture for its primary, and, indeed, sole object, was about to be instituted. This was a boon which Mr. Pitt thought fit to concede to the landed interest. Sir John Sinclair was its first president, and Mr. Young was nominated secretary, with a salary, first of five, and then of six hundred a year. Notwithstanding his

talents, his pursuits, and his industry all pointed him out as the fittest man in the kingdom for such an appointment, yet so little conscious was he, either of his deserts or his influence, that we have heard the Baronet say, when he hinted at the possibility of such a nomination, Mr. Young, in the true tone and spirit of authorship, offered to be a set of his "Annals of Agriculture" against the "Statistical Account of Scotland," that such an event would never take place.

Our author now exercised an employment which gratified the utmost wishes of his heart; he was almost constantly at the desk; and he composed many original works for the express purpose of acquiring reputation for, and forwarding the business of, this new and interesting institution. Several clerks under him, among whom we recollect one with a title, were employed in forwarding the public business, and advancing the interests of our national agriculture. Independently of transacting the mere duties of a secretary, he drew up and published several reports respecting the state of the waste lands in various parts of the kingdom. He was a great friend to enclosure-bills, and eminently desirous of obtaining an act of Parliament for passing them without fees; but here, alas! private interest interposed against the public welfare, and he accordingly failed in realising one of the darling wishes of his heart. About this time he also drew up and published dissertations on the present agricultural state of the two counties of Suffolk and Lincoln. These originated in actual and personal surveys, made under his own immediate inspection; and it ought not here to be omitted, that in 1805 and 1806 he published two reports on the counties of Norfolk and Essex. Under his management, the Board of Agriculture directed its attention to many important objects of rural economy. Whenever a deficiency appeared in a staple article, or any thing useful for the consumption of man, endeavours were instantly made to supply the want likely to be occasioned by it. Knowing that mankind, from an habitual indolence, seldom or ever deviate from the beaten track of practice, he stimulated to new experiments and new modes of husbandry, by means of premiums. It is lamentable, however, to add, that during the late contests about the corn-laws, this Board actually became unpopular. The street in which it is situated was visited by a vindictive mob, outrageous against a monopoly in wheat so advantageous to the landed interest, but so hostile to manufacturers and all other persons in the kingdom. In consequence of this, the very name was taken from the door, and the brass plate has not since been replaced.

(To be continued.)

MARIA ARNOLD.—A TALE.

(Concluded from Page 129.)

When I came within sight of the parsonage, my sensations nearly overcame me; here I once fondly hoped to have found the same domestic felicity and contentment I had formerly experienced; but, mark the mutability of human bliss!—this spot, so lately the abode of happiness and of innocence, now appeared the seat of silence and of solitude, of sorrow and of death. Scarce had I resolution to approach the house, for although I well knew the resignation and the piety of Arnold, yet I dreaded to recall those scenes, the recollection of which would only give edge to his sufferings, and fresh misery to his painful task. The villagers were assembled on the green, dressed in their neatest clothes, and those who could afford it, in black. There was not a whisper heard among them, the tear rolled down their honest cheeks, and on their features dwelt the sentiments of pity and regret. A lane was formed for me as I passed along; we interchanged not a word; I cast my eyes upon the ground; they wept aloud. I was so much affected I could scarce sit upon my horse, and leaving it at a small cottage when I got through them, I went to the parsonage on foot.

I entered, and meeting a servant in the hall, he pointed to the parlour and retired. I advanced towards it, the door was half open, and sliding softly in, a spectacle presented itself whose impression will never be erased from my memory. In the middle of the room was placed the coffin of Maria; the lid was taken off, and beside it, in his robes, knelt the unfortunate Frederick Arnold; Maria's lifeless hand was locked in his, and on her clay-cold corse were fixed his streaming eyes. A considerable shade was thrown over the room, the windows looking upon the green being closed up, but through the garden-window the sun broke in, and shone full upon the features of Arnold; his countenance was pale, languid, but remarkably interesting, and received a peculiar degree of expression from the tint of the morning light, and his hair, which had early become white, was scattered in thin portions over his temples and forehead. I stood impressed with awe, my soul was filled with compassion, and I wished to indulge my sorrow, but Arnold did not perceive m , and was therefore going to retire, when suddenly rising up, he exclaimed, "Farewel, my Maria! thou that wert the solace of mine age, farewel! oh, if thy disembodied spirit still hovers o'er this scene of things, be present to thy afflicted father, pour comfort into his wounded bosom;—sure to do this will be thy paradise, Maria, and sure thou hast met with thy reward. What, if unavailing regret still tortures this distracted heart, still brings thy injured form to view, yet, through the mercies of my God, will I look forward with hope; I will meet thee, O, my daughter, in heaven. God of mercies hear me!" "He will, he will, thou good old man," I cried, "he will listen to thy prayer." Arnold started; "Is it thou, my son?" he said, and, falling upon my neck, he wept; then presently recovering himself, he advanced with composure towards the coffin: "Come hither," he cried, "and view the remains of fallen innocence and beauty; see, my son, what one step from rectitude of conduct has produced; see the unfortunate Maria." I advanced, and, kneeling down, kissed the pale hand of Maria; a sweet serenity dwelt upon her features, and she seemed to be asleep; I would have spoken, but I could not; I sighed in a convulsive manner, for the tumult of my spirits quite oppressed me; and Arnold observing this, seized my arm, and ordering the coffin to be screwed down, conveyed me into another room. Here, in a little time, I recovered some calmness of mind, and Arnold, taking me by the hand, desired me to collect all my fortitude. "I go to bury my Maria," he said, "but let not the murmurings of discontent break in upon the sacred rite; to Providence, not to us, the chastenings of mortality are given." Having said this, he quitted the room, and, giving orders for the procession, proceeded to the church. In a few minutes the coffin was carried out upon the green; it was covered with black velvet, over which was thrown a pall of white satin, and here half a dozen young women, dressed in white, supported it, whilst as many in the same habit walked two and two before, and the like number behind it. They sang a dirge adapted to the occasion, and with slow and solemn steps went forward to the church. The whole village followed, and never was sorrow better painted than in the features of this mournful group. I loitered at a little distance, absorbed in the melancholy of my own reflections.

——————————the bell
O death beat slow! ——————
Hush'd now, and now with a sing knell
Hang to the hollow gale its sullen
sound. *Mason.*

The wind sighed through the yew-trees, and the face of nature seemed to darken with oppressive gloom. We entered the church, where, after all things had been duly arranged, the ceremony was begun. A calm resignation was apparent in the countenance of Arnold; and as he pronounced the sublime and pathetic language of the service, a kind of divine enthusiasm lightened from his eyes. Now and then his speech would faulter, and

the tear would trickle down his cheek, and I witnessed many an effort to suppress the tender emotions of his soul; but a high sense of the duty of his office kept within restriction the feelings of the father. He had now proceeded a considerable way in the service, and the corse was made ready to be laid into the earth, when suddenly the folding doors of the church were thrown open, and a young man, in mourning, rushed vehemently in; his aspect was hurried and wild, and he exclaimed in a loud but convulsive tone of voice, "Where is my Maria? think not to wrest her from me; I will see her once more; I come to die with thee, my love. Stand off, ye inhuman wretches, off, and give way." He then broke through the crowd, which had opposed him, and seeing the coffin, he started some paces backwards: "Help me, she is murdered," he exclaimed, "My gentle love is murdered;" and throwing himself on the coffin he became speechless with agony. It was with the utmost difficulty we tore him from it; he struggled hard, and his eyes darted fire; but at length, having liberated himself, he paused a moment, then, striking his forehead with his hand, he muttered, "I will—'tis fit it should be so," and darting furiously through the aisle, disappeared. But scarce had we time to breathe, before he again entered, dragging in a man advanced in years. "Come on, thou wretched author of my being," he exclaimed; "come, see the devastation thou hast made!" and compelling him to approach the coffin—"look," he said, "see where she bleeds beneath thy ruthless arm! Oh! my deserted love; seest thou not how she supplicates thy mercy! perdition——but I will not curse thee, O my father, I will not curse thee;" and saying this he threw himself on the coffin. The old man, in the mean time, became the very picture of horror; his hair stood erect, his face was pale as death, and his teeth struck each other; he looked first upon the coffin, and then upon his son, and, racked with pity and remorse, he at last burst into tears: "Have compassion on me, my son," he cried; "kill not thy father." "It is enough," said the youth, slowly lifting up his head, "it is enough, my father;" and being now more calm, we prevailed upon him to arise; and Arnold, after some time, concluded the ceremony.

Our consternation during this dreadful scene may be readily conceived, and how much it would shock the feelings of the worthy curate, who, after the first tumult of surprise had ceased, conducted himself with all that dignity and mildness of manner so peculiarly engaging in his character. Old Stafford and his son, who was with difficulty persuaded to quit the church, were now led to the parsonage. Their appearance had been occasioned by a letter written by Miss Stafford to her brother, mentioning the situation of Maria, her miscarriage, indisposition, and the treatment she had met with; and, irritated to the highest degree, he immediately left the continent, and arrived at his father's house early on the same day Maria was buried. Her death was unknown at H—t—n hall, and Henry insisted upon his father's accompanying him immediately to the curate's, as his presence would be necessary for the satisfaction of both parties. Mr. Stafford was much averse to the measure; but as his son's health had been lately upon the decline, and his present agitated state of mind contributed greatly to increase his complaint, he reluctantly complied with his request, still hoping to avoid so unpromitable a connection. Upon their arrival at Ruysd—le, they drove to the parsonage, and being there informed of the death of Maria, and that the burial service was then actually performing, the carriage was ordered to the church, and Henry rushed in, in the manner above mentioned.

The Staffords, having continued a couple of days at the parsonage, returned to H—t—n Hall. Young Stafford's health is much impaired, and it is apprehended he will fall a sacrifice to the unfeeling tyranny of a father, whose remorse is now as excessive as it is fruitless.

I purpose remaining a few months with my worthy friend, until time hath in some degree mitigated the pressure of his misfortune. I find also a melancholy pleasure in visiting the many scenes in this neighbourhood, whose romantic and sequestered beauty gave employment to the pencil and the taste of Maria, and I am now finishing this hasty sketch on the banks of the rapid Sw—le, and under the shelter of an oak, whose antique branches throw a broad and deep shade athwart his surface; turbulent he pours along beneath yon scowling precipice, he rises from his bed, and wild his gloomy spirit shrieks. Here can I indulge the fervor of my imagination; here can I call up the fleeting forms of fancy; I can here hold converse with Maria; and, yielding to the pensive bias of my mind, enjoy the torrent and the howling storm.

LAPLAND LOVES.

[For the annexed brief account of the Laplanders, who are now with the reindeer in this country, we are indebted to our ingenious friend Mr. Bullock: his unadorned narrative of the story of those beings, on whose fate his enterprise has had so vital an effect, is to us most interesting, and we are sure must excite a strong feeling in the breasts of the thousands who have seen the simple JENS and KARINE.]

Olé Sandesen, an adventurous and speculative Norwegian, conceived the idea of advantageously naturalizing the Rein Deer in his native country; and, to remove every obstacle, disposed of his little possessions in Norway, and travelled through all parts of Northern Europe, for the purpose of selecting specimens of the finest breeds from Siberia, Finland, Russian and Norwegian Lapland. In the latter country, he purchased the whole herd of an inhabitant who was there considered to be in good circumstances; he was the father of Karine, and Jens his herdsman was born in his service. It appears that a mutual attachment had existed between these young persons from their infancy; and that proposals of marriage had been made by Jens, and rejected by the father of Karine, just before the arrival of the stranger Olé Sandesen, who, when he had purchased the herd of Rein Deer intrusted to the care of Jens, proposed to him to conduct them to Norway. The offer was accepted, and he prepared (a very uncommon circumstance for a Laplander) to leave his native wilds. Karine, in a state of distraction, left her father's dwelling, and eloped with her lover: they were married by the parish priest at Roras, and accompanied their new master with his colony of Rein Deer about eight hundred miles over the most mountainous and desolate country in the world, and at length arrived at the lofty and snow-capped mountains of Seerdahl, where their head quarters were fixed at the residence of a mountain farmer called Gorgan Figeland. The King of Sweden, hearing that Sandesen had planted, in his new dominions, a colony which promised considerable advantages to his subjects, rewarded his labours by the present of a large sum of money. This flattering appreciation of his services, induced the indefatigable Norwegian to undertake a second time his perilous journey. He therefore placed his Seerdahl establishment under the superintendence of Figeland, and the immediate care of Jens and Karine, and, aided by the royal bounty, he again penetrated into the most remote parts of the North, to add to the number and value of his stock. It is now three years since he left Norway, and he has not been heard of. In the mean time, the herd of Deer suffered much from the body of wolves that had followed them from Lapland, and which had been considerably augmented on the route over the mountains of Norway. The inhabitants of Christiansand and its neighbouring towns were at length obliged to raise a subscription to buy poison for the destruction of those unwelcome visitors; and the avarice of Figeland led him not only to sell and

slaughter many of the finest Deer, but also to discharge the faithful little couple and their child (the boy now in London.) They were at this period penniless, destitute of any means of returning home, and incapable of being employed in agriculture; and, in this forlorn condition, wandered through the country, subsisting only on the casual bounty of its thinly scattered inhabitants, until they reached Stravanger, where its comparatively wealthy population supplied them with a more comfortable existence, but did not supply the means of returning to Lapland.

About this period (Mr. Bullock writes us) I left England, intending for Swedish Finland to procure Rein Deer, for taking in this country an experiment similar to that of Olé Sandesen, when I was informed of what had already been done by a Norwegian gentleman from Stravanga, whilst crossing the Baltic in the Steam-boat from Kiel to Copenhagen. This intelligence induced me to change my route, and I passed from Elsineur to Gottenburg, travelled through Sweden to Stroustadt, and on the road visited the falls of Trolletto. At Stroustadt I hired a large open boat, in which I crossed to Norway, and coasted to Christiansand; and then travelled by land and water to Flechfiord, entering the interior, by ascending the banks of the magnificent Dargi, whose waterfalls and scenery, the finest in Europe, were probably never before viewed by an English eye. I now reached the mountains of Ligeland, and purchased nearly the whole remaining herd of Deer brought by Ole Sandesen; and upon inquiry for the Lapland herdsman, was informed, he might probably be met with in Stravanga. Thither I immediately repaired, and at last found him, and in a few days re-united him to his old Lapland friends, with whom, and his wife, he most willingly accompanied me to England; and he gratefully acknowledges that the kindness and munificence of its inhabitants have recompensed him for years of past suffering.—*Lit. Gaz.*

CONVERSION OF ONE OF THE ALBIGENSES AND OF THE TERRIBLE "VADE IN PACE."

[From Levati's "Travels of Petrarch."]

In a square close to the church, a large pile of wood was raised, the most effectual argument which the Inquisition could devise for converting the heretic; and the gates which were thrown wide open, delighted the multitude, who are always greedy of wonders, and of strange sights. At length, the procession moved forwards with solemn steps and long array. In the van were the monks, whose office it was, not to instruct with Christian charity, but with all due formality to murder those of their brethren to whom the truth was not revealed: in the rear stalked along the Chief Inquisitor; and at some distance one of the Albigenses followed barefooted. The Chief mounted a lofty pulpit, the latter stood upright on the ground, like a criminal before a judge. After some prayers, the Inquisitor began to discourse with the heretic, endeavouring to prove to him that God and not the devil had been his Creator; and that marriage was an excellent institution, appointed by God himself to increase and multiply the species, and to retrieve the world from the ruin in which it was involved by the fall of the rebellious angels. Having shewn all this by extracts from Holy Writ, and by the words of St Paul, he exclaimed, "And do you not yield to all these authorities of God and his apostle? The furnace and punishments that await you stare you in the face." — "This is a very strange sort of argument," whispered Petrarch to Colonna; "either believe as we believe, or we will burn you alive. Who can resist such awful reasoning."

"Before we consign you to the flames," continued the Inquisitor, "I wish to be allowed a farther discussion with you on the resurrection of the dead and the day of judgment; matters which you deny." These truths he enforced by passages from Scripture and from the Fathers, and then proceeded: "Before that fire

shall consume your flesh to ashes, as it shall do unless you retract, I would once more ask you why you abjure that sacrament which has been pronounced good and holy by God himself; preferring to believe that your soul has sprung from those spirits who fell from heaven to earth, and were nine days suffering that dismal downfall. Such a lineage is to me incomprehensible, and I would sooner see you dragged to and gibetted on a gallows, than give any credit to this your imposture." The poor Albigensis shivered from head to foot while he listened to the menaces of the Inquisitor, and dreaded every moment that the mob around would lay hands on him and cast him on the pile which was blazing in the adjacent square. As soon as the Inquisitor had finished his discourse, and the deep silence which reigned throughout the church seemed to call on the Albigensis for a solemn abjuration, he thus spoke: "Reverend Father, pledge to me your word that I shall not be either burned, or gibbeted, or maltreated, and I submit myself to every other chastisement which it shall seem good to you to inflict; provided that you will neither rack me, nor torture me, nor cover me with infamy, I will reveal all the secrets of my party." A general cry from the surrounding crowd assured him of pardon and protection, and rescued him from that horrible state of doubt and despair with which he had before been overwhelmed. He then kneeled down before the Inquisitor, who gave him absolution and pronounced his benediction.

In the Monastery of the Predicant Friars, at Toulouse, lived a young and lively Monk, named Agostino, whose skill in music enabled him to play some most delightful airs on the organ, with which, on religious festivals, he accompanied the pious psalmody. The Superior accordingly relaxed in some degree of severity the the usual discipline, and permitted this youth occasionally to go out of the Monastery for the purpose of perfecting himself in this elegant accomplishment; and Agostino, by his frequent visits to the house of his music-master, became intimate with one of his daughters; to whom, at the request of the father himself, he gave a few lessons on the harp. A young man who had an attachment to this damsel became jealous of the Monk, because such opportunities of familiar intercourse were allowed to him, while he himself could only gratify his curiosity by watching the steps of his beloved as she walked to church, or to the theatres. At length he plotted a dark scheme against his imagined rival; and after some time, when the young lady happened to be indisposed, he suborned the principal physician in the town, with whom he was on intimate terms, to declare, when called in to give his advice, that it was a case of pregnancy. The father was fired with indignation; and, without inquiring into the reality of the imputation, immediately visited the Superior, and charged the Monk with the deed. The latter, in utter astonishment, appeared in the presence of the incensed Prior, and maintained his innocence without shrinking; honestly confessing that he admired the beauty of this fair damsel, but asserting that he was entirely guiltless not only of any action but of any expression bordering on vice; and asseverating that the very thought of such a prostitution of religion, of such an act of treason to the rights of friendship and hospitality, filled his mind with horror. The Prior made no reply, but darting on the Monk a penetrating and freezing glance, he ordered him to retire to his cell, and there await the punishment which he deserved. A cold chill ran through the blood of the poor youth, who, pale and trembling, with a confused vision before his eyes, sank down senseless on his pallet.

In the mean time, the Superior assembled all the members of the convent, related to them the particulars of the charge, and maintained that one who had thus dared to violate his vows merited condign punishment. Those whose rank and age qualified

to pronounce their judgment answered, that the delinquent ought to be closed in the *Vade in pace*, that subterraneous prison in which fated culprits were doomed to expire. No consideration of Agostino's youth, of his amiable manners, and of his elegant accomplishments, could touch their unfeeling hearts with pity. The monks rushed to the cell, where he had scarcely recovered the full use of his senses, and dragged him again into the presence of the Superior, who in a loud voice pronounced the sentence, *Vade in pace.* Agostino was scarcely yet in the possession of his faculties, but, when he heard those awful words, he exclaimed in a phrenzy—"What—without inquiry, without trial, am I, who am innocent, condemned to a den of darkness, there to be buried alive, and to suffer an existence worse than a thousand deaths? and are ye the ministers of a merciful God? the chosen of a meek Redeemer? Do you call yourselves my brethren, you who are my executioners? Blasphemous wretches——" More he would have said, but the monks thundered forth a psalm, covered his face with a black veil, tied his hands, and commenced the horrible procession which was to conduct him to a living sepulchre. One monk went before the others, carrying a cross wrapped in mourning; the rest followed, chanting in a deep and dismal tone the *De profundis;* in the middle was the miserable Agostino; and the Prior walked last in the funeral procession. In this order the monks descended the dark subterraneous passages of the monastery, and arrived at the mouth of a deep vault, just wide enough to admit a single body, from which not only the light of the day but every breath of healthful atmosphere was excluded. An iron portal barred the access above which was a small aperture, where they placed the pittance of bread and water with which the poor wretch when deposited beneath was for a time supported. The procession advanced towards this abyss of death, when the Prior seized the hand of Agostino, who stood like a victim at the altar, and, with the assistance of the other monks, hurled him downwards, closing over him the dismal portal. Agostino heard the grating of the rusty hinges, and the shutting of that door which to him would be shut for ever.—After some few days had elapsed, in a fit of phrenzy he dashed his head against the wall; his eye-balls burst from their sockets, and his brains from his skull; and his body lay weltering in his blood, a pitiable spectacle to the monks who ran in to witness the calamity.

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE JESUITS.

The following is from a recent work, by M. Heeren, on the Political Systems of Europe. Recent events have made the subject interesting and important:—

"Among the consequences of the Reformation may be classed if not the institution of the Jesuits, at least the system pursued by that Society, whose uniform object has been to subjugate public opinion. Devoted to the cause of Popery—that is to say, to the unbounded extension of the power of the Roman see—it has necessarily had to contend not only with Protestantism but with all freedom of mind, and certainly the period of its establishment offered some prospect of success. The institution was sufficiently comprehensive, for its aim was to embrace all mankind; and the plan for its advancement was sufficiently accommodating, for it was restrained by no rule. Still, at the outset, it was necessary to fall in with the spirit of the times; and the Society in order to make any progress, was obliged to sacrifice some portion of its own principles, and to assume the form of surrounding objects. The grand design, however, was never to be out of sight; and therefore the Society, by its inherent constitution, must either become omnipotent by success or be crushed by failure. Before it arrived at this crisis, it had a long preparatory course to go through; and we

cannot, therefore, be surprised either at the extent or the duration of the power which it acquired. Its interference in politics was only a mode of accomplishing its ultimate object; a means necessary but dangerous, because it must inevitably have all government arrayed in hostility against itself as soon as it should be deserted by public opinion, for to public opinion, in the last resort, princes are compelled to defer. Advancing according to occasion, by intrigues, or in open day, it succeeded in throwing a net over all the governments of Europe, and the bonds of its influence were felt, not only by the states separately, but throughout the system. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to state at what precise periods and to what extent its secret agency operated; but its power may be tolerably well conjectured from the nature of its organization.

"Ignatius Loyola, an ardent enthusiast, founded the Society of Jesuits at first under the form of a private association (1534). It was sanctioned by Paul the Third (1540), and very much enlarged in 1543 and 1549; so that, favoured also by the spirit of the times, it became exceedingly prosperous in spite of several obstacles. Soon after the death of its founder (1556), it distributed itself throughout nine provinces, comprising the whole of western Europe. One province was established in Portugal, three in Spain, one in France, two in Germany and the Low Countries, and two in Italy. Its missions embraced the rest of the world in three provinces, the Brazils, Ethiopia, and the Indies. The exterior forms adopted by the Society were not entirely peculiar, nor yet in every respect accommodated to existing usages, but were such as seemed to indicate personages living *in* the world, and at the same time not being altogether *of* the world. It possessed colleges and schools, but no cloisters; and the dress was ecclesiastical, but not monastic. With regard to their internal system, their discipline was naturally founded upon the principle of absolute power and implicit obedience. The head of the Society, who bore the title of *Praepositus Generalis*, was independent of all the world excepting the Pope, and his constant residence was at Rome. From the time of the Jesuit *Lainez* (1558—1564), who exercised the most unbounded authority, the Society has been invested with the whole executive power; and, soon after that time, notwithstanding the continuance of general and provincial assemblies, with the whole legislative power. Under him were arranged, in regular subordination, assistants, provincials, and rectors. The authority of the Pope over the head of the Society could not inconvenience him much, because their interests were the same, and the mode of forwarding the objects of the Society was always left to the discretion of the chief. The members of this body were classed under the titles of Novices, Disciples, Associates, and Professed; and, while the number of professed or complete Jesuits was kept very limited, it was supported by a body of adopted or disguised Jesuits, who were not characterized by dress, and in whose ranks were to be found many nobles and dignitaries of the Church. The chief means adopted by them for extending their principles were missions, the confessional, particularly in courts, and the education of persons of all classes of society. The institution was essentially mischievous, being intended and calculated to bondage and enthral the intellect, and to strangle the rational faculties of man; yet it must be admitted, that benefit has been derived from its exertions in propagating Christianity in uncivilized countries, and from some of the modes which it discovered for facilitating instruction. Unfortunately, however, the good which is effected forms but a slight counterpoise to the numerous and weighty mischiefs which it occasioned."

LEGAL ERRORS.

Among the numerous erroneous notions which are generally received as

truth, through the credulity and ignorance of mankind, there are few which it is more curious to inquire into, or more necessary to refute, than some prevailing vulgar errors with regard to what is supposed to be law. Some of these indeed prevail only among the lower orders, but the greater number are firmly received by all classes of society, except those immediately engaged in the study of the law. These, like all other popular errors, have formerly had some foundation; but it is now become exceedingly difficult to trace the origin of them. Some are derived from repealed statutes, and were formerly law, though perhaps under certain modifications; others have arisen from erroneously drawing a general rule from some particular local instance; others again are merely mistaken notions of existing laws; but there are many which, at the present day, it is quite impossible to account for.

One of these erroneous ideas of the law, which has been most universally received, and which is even now not unfrequently acted upon by the lower classes, is that a man has the power of divorcing his wife, by selling her in an open market, with a halter round her neck. Not only is there no foundation whatever in our laws for this species of divorce, but it is even a misdemeanour which may be punished by fine and imprisonment, and which has been so punished in one or two instances lately. The prejudice, however, is very fast rooted that this practice is legal, and it has taken place even very lately in Smithfield market. There was an instance, not many years ago, of a lady, elegantly attired, being sold there, with a silken halter, and, on the completion of the bargain, being driven off by the happy purchaser in a dashing curricle.

Another error connected with matrimony is, that if a man, when he designs to marry a woman, take her from the hands of the priest clothed only in her chemise, he will not be liable for her debts and engagements. This also has not the slightest foundation, as a man is equally responsible for the debts of his wife, whether he receives a large fortune with her, or marries her without a farthing. It is also supposed, that a man, when he advertises that his wife has left him, and that he will not be answerable for her debts, thereby discharges himself from his liability; such advertisements are not uncommon in the papers. This notice, however, is of no avail whatever, unless the husband can prove that the individual with whom his wife deals had actually seen it; and even then the husband would be bound to pay for the articles furnished, if they were actual necessaries, regard being had to his wife's situation in life.

That Butchers and Surgeons are incapacitated from acting as jurymen in criminal cases, on account of their being hardened to blood, is a prevalent opinion in all classes of society; and there are many persons even engaged in the law, who are not aware of its falsity. Rousseau, in his Emilie, stated as a proof of the humanity of our laws, that in England butchers were not received as witnesses in matters of life and death; but in a note to the later editions, he states, that the translators of his work into English, had corrected his mistake, and had mentioned the cause of it, which was, that butchers are not admitted as jurymen in criminal trials, but that surgeons are. Unfortunately for the translators of Rousseau, the fact is exactly contrary. Surgeons, by an Act of Parliament, made to encourage the profession, in the reign of Henry VIII. are exempted, but not incapacitated, from an attendance upon juries; but there is no law, statute, or custom, that exempts or incapacitates butchers from sitting as jurymen in any case whatever. Perhaps it was the exemption in favour of surgeons which gave rise to this error.

There is a very prevalent notion that the body of a debtor may be taken in execution after his death. Miss Edgeworth makes this an incident in one of her novels. The idea has been once or twice refuted from the bench;

and the late Lord Ellenborough declared, that the seizure of the body was not only perfectly illegal, but that it would render the sheriff or his officer liable to punishment. This practice, however, formed part of the law of Prussia, before it was abolished by the *Code Frederique*.

It is generally believed that all persons born at sea belong to the parish of Stepney. So prevalent was this error, that the parish officers of Stepney were put to the greatest trouble and inconvenience, by the number of paupers which were passed to them by the magistrates from all parts of the kingdom. About a year or two ago, to put a stop to this inconvenience, and the expense they were put to by it, they instituted legal proceedings against another in Devonshire, for passing paupers to them who had been born at sea. The Court of King's Bench declared, that the common opinion was wholly false and erroneous, and that the parish of Stepney was no more chargeable with them than any other parish in the kingdom. This judgment was inserted in all the provincial papers; but the parish is still greatly troubled by similar applications, so firmly rooted is the prejudice. The notion is said to have originated from the port of London being situated in the parish of Stepney.

VARIETIES.

Origin of the Coroner's Jury in England.—A lady in London after burying six husbands, again became a wife. They lived happily for many months; she declared herself particularly so, as her former partners had all disgusted her by sottishness and infidelity. The husband, to ascertain his wife's real character, affected intoxication and absence. Reproaches and even menaces were the consequence. One evening when he appeared dead drunk, she produced a small leaden weight from her gown-sleeve, and having melted it, she approached her husband, who counterfeited sleep, in order to pour it into his ear through a pipe. Convinced of her wickedness he started up and seized her, and secured her till morning, when he conducted her to a magistrate, and related her conduct. The bodies of her six husbands were dug up, and upon chirurgical examination it was discovered that they all had died by the same means. She was tried and executed.—To this circumstance, says the relator, who is an old French author, is England indebted for the enacting of the law, whereby no corpse can be interred without legal inspection.

Cheap Times, exemplified in a *Tailor's Bill*, for a plain Suit of Clothes, for a *plain man*, in London, in the year 1822:

	£	s.	d.
Drab Great Coat . .	7	4	0
Plain Black Coat . .	6	2	0
Do. Waistcoat . . .	1	6	0
Plain Drab Kerseymere Breeches	2	4	0
Do. Do. Gaiters . .	1	3	0
	17	19	0

£17. 19s. for a plain suit of clothes!—*more* than the *whole yearly* wages and expense of a man, his wife, and *two* children, in Wales! How are we plundered? In this *cheap* suit, our quidnuncs sit down over their port wine, at £240 a pipe, and complain of the *poor's-rates* and taxes!!!

Literary Property.—The following facts will show the value of literary property in former days: immense profits and cheap purchases. The manuscript of Robinson Crusoe ran through the whole trade, and no one would print it; the bookseller, who, it is said, was not remarkable for his discernment, but for a speculative turn, bought the work, and got 1000 guineas by it.—How many more thousands have his successors since accumulated by it! Burn's Justice was disposed of by its author for a mere trifle, as well as Buchan's Domestic Medicine; both of which yield immense incomes.—The Vicar of Wakefield, the most delightful novel in our language, was sold for a few pounds; and Miss Burney's Evelina produced

only five guineas.—Dr. Johnson fixed the price of his Lives of the Poets at two hundred guineas; and, as Mr. Malone observes, "the booksellers in the course of twenty-five years, have probably cleared five thousand."

The publishers of Lalla Rookh gave three thousand guineas for the copyright of that poem; which, with all its beauties, and they are numerous, is certainly not worth one single book of the Paradise Lost of our blind Mæonides; and what would seem still more extraordinary is, that the spirited purchasers of the work have had no reason to repent of their bargain. The great Scottish novelist, (but we hardly conceive it possible to overpay him for his admirable productions,) has, it is reported, netted nearly £100,000 by his works: which he has received, it is said, from Archibald Constable and Co. of Edinburgh. This circumstance is, perhaps the most extraordinary example that could be adduced in illustration of the patronage of the public, and the princely generosity of booksellers to authors of the nineteenth century. Nor is this liberality confined to any particular branch of literature; a successful tragedy, for which in the days of Tonson, fifty pounds was thought a munificent remuneration, will, in these times, produce an author from six to seven hundred pounds.

Origin of Toasts.—Mr. Malone in his life of Dryden, in speaking of a ballad, written by Skipper, says—"A Society of Gentlemen had been instituted, who were distinguished by the title of the "Knights of the Toast," from the drinking ladies' healths, *in regular succession*, after dinner; which custom was then a novelty, as was the term *toast*. No dictionary before the Revolution, that I have seen, acknowledges the word, thus applied. According to Addison, however, it was familiar in this sense, at an earlier period, and "had its rise from an accident in the town of Bath in the time of Charles the Second."

"It happened (says he) that on a public day, a celebrated beauty of those times was in the Cross-Bath, and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair one stood, and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow, half fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore, though he liked not the liquor, he would have the *toast*. He was opposed in his resolution; yet this whim gave foundation to the present honour, which is done to the lady we mention in our liquors, who ever since is called a *Toast*."—*Tatler, No. 42.*

The Extraordinary Produce of a Cow, belonging to Mr. W. Cramp, keeper of the House of Correction, at Lewes, for which he obtained the honorary Silver Medal of the Board of Agriculture:—

Produce and expense of keep from May 1st to April 2d following:

	£.	s.	d.
Produce.—Sold a sucker 11 7s.; butter at 1s. 6d. per lb.; skim-milk 1d. per quart; four large waggon loads of dung, thoroughly rolled, 15s. per load,	62	12	1
Expense.—Grains, bran, hay, rent of land for food, servant's wages, &c.	21	6	2
Profit,	41	5	11

Management.—The cow was not suffered to feed on the grass ground, but her food was sent and given to her in a rack in her hovel, where she had a plot of 18 square perches to range in. Mr. Cramp had no other cow. Her food consisted of red clover, rye-grass, lucern, cow-grass, white clover, and carrots raised upon the plots of ground within the walls of the prison, by admeasurement 1R. 29P. In summer she was fed on the above grass green, &c. three or four times a day; at noon she had four gallons of grains, and two of bran, mixed together. She was fed on hay, bran, and grains; was fed often, five or six times a day, and always while milking. The manger was kept particularly clean, as grains are apt to

turn sour. The udder was washed during milking time with cold water, winter and summer. She was never tied up, but lived in or out as she liked. She was very regularly milked and clean drawn. Mr. Cramp remarks, that it is unnecessary for a cow to go long dry before calving; seldom, indeed, more than five weeks before, except from neglect, poverty, sickness, or bad milking. A dairy of ten cows managed in this way will require a plot of one quarter of an acre to graze in, and would produce nearly double the usual quantity of milk and butter, and a prodigious quantity of manure. The dung should be gathered up daily and thrown into a heap. A small quantity of hay should be daily given when eating green food, that it may not too much loosen the cow. Thirty acres of land, on this plan, would be sufficient to produce food enough for thirty cows including hay.

POETRY.

POETIC SKETCHES.

No. 2.

[From the Literary Gazette.]

Down swept the gathered waters over rocks
Which broke at times the column's foaming line;
Darkening amid the snow-white froth, it swept
Like an all-conquering army, and an arch
Of sparkling hues that in the sunbeams played
Seemed to unite it with the sky which hung
Above all calmness and repose: The blue
Ethereal, soft and stainless, well beseemed
A heaven we deem the dwelling-place of peace:
Downwards it rushed; the tall green pines, that hung
Upon the cliffs beside, were covered o'er
With silver spray: there stood those stately trees,
Braving the furious storm, as the proud sons
Of Greece, when Greece was glorious, stood and braved
The tyrant's menace and defied the yoke.
It reached the plain below; a crystal lake
Became its dwelling, where the dimpling wave
Had lost all memory of its former strife
The willows grew around, and that pale flower
The water-lily floated on its face,
The halcyon plumed his azure wings, nor feared
A coming storm, and in the midst an isle
Rose like a blest shrine to the guardian power
Of that sweet scene. It was a little spot
Shaded by gloomy firs and lighter birch:
Here the wild strawberry shed its first white blossoms,
And the dove built her nest, while the soft gale,
Sighing amid the graceful larches, gave
The only answer to her murmurings.—
Two once dwelt here, a Mother and her Child:
She was a widow, and had deeply drank
The cup of bitterness. But woman bears
The storm man shrinks from unrepiningly.
At length the one to whom her love had been
A light and darkness died, and she was left
In coldness and unkindness: but one link
Still bound her to this earth; there was a smile
Bore gladness to her wounded heart, a voice
Of joy and consolation, one who made
Life very precious to her—the young bird,
Her own sweet nestling, yet too young to know
What clouds hung o'er him.—Quiet came at last;
The mourner found a little lone retreat
Where she might rest her weary feet—this isle

Became her home. Her child grew up
A hope and blessing to her :—she was proud
To hear that when he joined his young compeers,
No foot was fleet as his, no hand could send
The arrow so unerringly, and none
So lightly and so fearlessly could scale
The height whereon the eagle dwelt ; and, more
Than all, to feel how she was loved ! He seemed
To live but for her. When with boyish pride
He dared the venturous path the others feared,
If chance he saw his mother's cheek grow pale,
The meed was left unwon. One morn he went
In his light skiff, and promised to return
As evening fell ; but when the sun sank down
The air was thick with clouds, and the fierce wind
Poured in its anger o'er the waters ; loud
The thunder rolled, and the red lightnings hurled
Their fiery warnings. High upon a rock
She raised a fire :—the lightning struck the pile,
She marked it not—the rain beat on her head,
It was unfelt—but with the agony
Of hope expiring, still she fed the flame.
Day rolled the clouds away, and, sick at heart,
She looked towards the shore—he floated there,
Her own beloved child !—With one wild shriek
She threw herself towards him, and the waves
Closed on them undivided !

FATHER PETER'S RETURN OF THANKS FOR HIS RE-EXALTATION.

[The ancient figure at the corner of Northgate Street, in Exeter, which by common usage has received the designation of "St. Peter," was lately replaced, having been removed from its station while the widening of the street was being carried into effect.]

When summon'd, for the public good,
To quit the place where long I stood
Well known to old and young,
I strove, in plain and humble verse,
My claims and sorrows to rehearse,
Though with a faultering tongue.

I ventured—(for full well I knew,
Most kind Commissioners, that you
Would not my plea reject)—
To urge my length of service—age—
My church—my missal's pious page,
And ask'd you to protect.

Now rais'd again to point the way,
And brought from darkness into day—
Plac'd here in goodly niche—
Banish'd be every vain complaint!
Old cheeks, your paleness hide in paint,*
And joyful be my speech.

Nor heat, nor cold, nor snow, nor rain,
Shall ever make me once complain,
For see,—my cowl and robes
Will both extremes alike defy,—
And if they should not, what care I?
My patience equals Job's.

Thanks, thanks, ye men of public spirit,
May after-times your deeds inherit
Not with ingratitude :
To censure such again I'd speak,
For wood and stone would silence break—
How then could *I* be mute?

Nor let me, ingrate-like, withhold,
(And such a tale should ne'er be told
When not a person heard ye,)
That though the church is wiser grown,
And *saints* and masses they disown,
My patrons are the Clergy.†

Accept my thanks, ye honor'd band—
Long be ye reverenc'd through the land,
And may ye e'er be found
Examples of the creed ye teach,
And faithful to the cause ye preach—
A light to nations round !

(Auspicious day‡ that plac'd me here—
Brother St. Valentine, good cheer,
My nuptial-loving friend !
Though *I* 'm too old to feel your pow'r,
Distant be that ill-fated hour,
That shall your priv'lege end.)

And long may England's Church and King
Be lov'd, with every noble thing,
By lesser and by greater !
No factious arts—no schism's sim—
No innovations, e'er shall claim
Acquaintance with

St. Peter.

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* The statue is newly painted.

† It is said that the "St. Peter" was condemned to be sold by auction, but the Dean and Chapter, on whose land the corner house (taken down to widen the street) stood, abated 20 of the purchase money to have him regarded.

‡ Valentine's day.